

MOSTLY ANYTHING

Yes, Ferdinand, spats are doomed to be popular again this winter, as long as you don't spat on the sidewalk. There's a law against that.

Being as how baseball has gone and went and died, the first page of the newspapers is again the sport page's rival.

This is secret stuff. We know where Villa is. In Mexico.

Kansas won't let Theda Bara puff cigarets in the movies. Oh, dear. Have they cut the word cigaret from the dictionary?

The real reason that there looks like little chance for peace in Europe is because the only ones who seem to want it is the people.

We sure appreciate this "Indian summer." But this morning it looked as if the weather man was going to be an "Indian" giver in another way. And this by taking this swell weather back again.

When a grouch is on mine fadder,

And a hole is in hiz sock,

There's a frost upon the household

And his talk is full of shock.

Den mine mudder gets the hammer,

Sneaks up quietly, and, when

Fadder snoozes, she swings softly:

All is peace and quiet then.

If pumpkins weren't in season yet the following would be a swell little bit of rhythm: The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, when apple pies have ceased to please and pumpkins aren't yet here.

To eat or to buy an overcoat—that is the question!

Do you take a car to avoid walking or to get somewhere? On the answer depends whether you are growing old.

New York.—Judge Wadhams in general sessions court deplored lack of law regulating birth in poor families as he declined to sentence mother of six and wife of tubercular husband found guilty of burglary.

FRIDAY THE 13TH

It's Friday, the Thirteenth.

Don't do anything today. For if you do, the superstitious ones say you'll have a pack of bad luck.

Don't start in business until tomorrow, they say.

Don't take a journey, it's sure to come out bad, is the warning of those who believe in signs.

Also:

If you're on the police force, don't do anything crooked today or Hoyne will grab you sure.

If you're married, don't go home with a strange hair on your coat, and don't fail to bring her some candy, anyway.

If you're a public school teacher, don't say anything in favor of the Chicago Teachers' Federation or Jake Loeb will hit you with his majority of eleven votes.

Don't get married today, it's unlucky—especially if you've already got a wife.

And now go ahead and do as you blamed please.

GENTLEMAN BURGLAR NABBED —TELLS OF GREAT HAULS

A silk-stocking burglar, one who stole from the homes of the most wealthy people in the city, was the catch made by the police yesterday. He is educated, well-dressed, clean-cut and he never used a gun; burglary was a business with him.

Adam Prochowski, 2039 Lemoyne st., is the pickup of the police, who say he has confessed enough about his methods to make a new book on society burglars.

"I burgled one apartment a week and got away with about \$100,000 worth of stuff," the police quote him as saying. "Half of this went to the pawnbrokers, but I made good money. I used chloroform—that is safest—and a jimmy."